



Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious sommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our house,
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for monuments.
Our sterne alarums chang'd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleasures.
Grim-visagde war, hath smooth'd his wrinckled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed steedes,
To fright the soules of fearefull aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a loue.
But I that am not sharpe of sportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glasse:
I that am rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiestie,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtail'd of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfinisht, sent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to spee my shadow in the Sunne,
And descant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore since I cannot proue a loue,
To entertaine these faire well spoken daies,
I am determin'd to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

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THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
KING RICHARD
THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots against
his brother Clarence: The pittifull murder of his innocent
Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vsurpation: with the whole
course of his detested life, and most
deserved death.

As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties
Servants.

Newly augmented.

By *William Shake-speare.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling
in *Pauls Church-yard*, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere
S. Austins gate, 1622.



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A 2

By

The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iust
As I am subtil, false and trecherous:
This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a Prophetic which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.

Due thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with
a Guard of men.*
Heere *Clarence* comes,
Brother, good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cl. His Maiestie tendering my persons safetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower, (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christened in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,

And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he,
These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his Highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodville her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl.

3
of Richard the Third.

Cl. By heauen I thinke there is no man secur'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Herald,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistresse *Shore*:
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his deliuerie?

Glo. Humble complayning to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her livery,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her selfe,
Since that our brother dubbd them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie gossips in this Monarchy.

Bro. I beseech your graces both to pardon me?
His maiestie hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree soeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen so & please your worship *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no treason man, we say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We say that *Shores* wife hath a prettie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How say you sir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistresse *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst thou betray me?

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare

Cl. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and must obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow sister,

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce, farewell.

Exit Cl.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mawed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie:

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitions feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by *St. Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his Royall person,
Tis very grievous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you,
Hecannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till *George* be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
He in to vree his hatred more to *Clarence*,

Exit Hast.

With

of Richard the Third.

With lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,

Clarence hath not another day to liue :

Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,

And leaue the world for me to bussell in:

For then Ile marry *Warwick*'s yongest daughter.

What though I kild her husband and her father,

The readiest way to make the wench amends,

Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I, not all so much for loue,

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her which I must reach vnto,

But yet I run before my horse to Market:

Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,

When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honorable Lord,

If honor may be shrowded in a hearse,

Whilest I a while obsequiously lament

The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaster*.

Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,

Pale ashes of the house of *Lancaster*,

Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,

Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,

To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,

Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered sonne,

Stabd by the selfe same hands that made these holes :

Loe, in those windowes that let forth thy life,

I poure the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes.

Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,

Curst be the heart, that had the heart to do it,

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes vs wretched by the death of thee :

Then I can wish to Adders, Spiders, Toads,

Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.

If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,

Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:

Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect

May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

If

The Tragedie

If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee,
Come now towards *Chartley* with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarfe.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe,

La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarfe, or by *St. Paul*,
Ile make a coarfe of him that disobeyes.

Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin passe.

Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by *Saint Paul* Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.

La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries and deepe exclames,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this pattered of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this blood drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or

of Richard the Third.

On earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitie.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.

La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.

Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.

La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.

Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by dispaire shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:

But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue,

Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.

La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloody faulchion smoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beare asidethe poynt.

Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laide their guift vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreams on ought but butcheryes.

Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant yee.

The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.

Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heauen that hath him.

La. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope so.

Glo. I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cause of that effect.

Your beautie which did haunt mein my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beautie from their cheekes.

Glo. These eyes could neuer indure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Blacke night ouershad thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reuenged on him tha slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La.

of Richard the Third.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.

La. Name him, *Glo.* Plantagenet.

La. Why what was hee?

Glo. The selfesame name, but one of better nature,

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere.

Shee spitteeth at him.

Why doest thou spit at mee?

La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.

Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler toade,

Out of my sight, thou doest infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lade haue infected mine.

La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a liuing death:

Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,

I neuer sued to friends nor enemie,

My tongue could neuer learne sweete soothing words.

But now thy beautie is propofide my fee:

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake,

Teach not thy lips such scorne, for they were made

For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,

Loe here I lend thee this sharpe pointed sword,

Which if thou please to hide in this true bosome,

And let the soule forth that adareth thee:

I laie it naked to thy deadly stroake:

And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

Nay, doe not pawle, twas I that kild your husband,

But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:

Nay now dispatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Here she lets*

Take vp the sword againe, or take vp me. *fall the sword.*

La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.

La. I haue already.

The Tragedie

Glo. Tush, that was in the rage
 Speake is againe, and even with the word,
 That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
 Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
 To both their deaths thou shalt by necessitie

La. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.

La. I feare me both are false.

Glo. Then neuer man was true.

La. Well, well, put vp your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

La. I hat shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But I shall liue in hope.

La. All men I hope liue so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.

La. To take, is not to giue.

Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
 Euen so thy brest incloseth me poore heart.

Were both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore suppliant may

But beg on fauour at thy gracious hand;

Thou dost confirm his happinesse for ever.

La. What is it?

Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repaire to Crosbie place;

Where, after I haue solemnely entered

At Chertie Monasterie this noble King,

And wet his graue with my repentant teares,

I will with al expedient dunt see you;

For diuers vnkowne reasons, I beseech you

Graunt me this boone.

La. With al my heart, & much it loyes me too,

To see you are become so penitent;

Treiffult and Barly, goe along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

La. Tis more then you deserue;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I haue said farewell already.

Glo.

of Richard the Third.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.

Ser. Towards Chertie noble Lord?

Glo. No: to white Fryers: there attend my coming.

Was euer woman in this humour woe'd? *Exeunt. March. Glo.*

Was euer woman in this humour wonne?

Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

What I that kild her husband and her father,

To take her in her hearts extreamest heart:

With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes.

The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:

Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against me;

And I nothing to backe my suite withall.

But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes,

And yett to win her all the world to nothing? Hah?

Hath she forgot already that braue Prince

Edward, her Lord, Whome I some three moneths since

Stab'd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?

A sweeter and a louelier gentleman,

Framd in the prodigallie of nature:

Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,

The spacious world cannot againe affoord.

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,

That cropt the golden prime of this sweete Prince,

And made her widdow to a woefull bed?

On me, whose al not equals Edwards moity,

On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?

My Dukedome to be a beggerly denier,

I doe mistake my person all this while.

Vpon my life she finds, although I cannot

My selfe, to be a maruailous proper man,

Ile be at charges for a Looking-glasse,

And entertaine some score or two of tailors

To studie fashions to adore my body,

Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,

I will maintaine it with a little cost.

But first ile turne you fellow in his graue,

And then returne lamenting to my loue.

Shine our faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,

That I may see my shaddow as I passe.

Exit.

The Tragedie

Enter Queen, Lord Rivers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maiestie,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.

Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.

Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the trust of Rich. Gloucester,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Ri. It is concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarrie, *Enter Buck. Darby.*

Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.

Dar. God make your Maiestie ioyfull as you haue bene.

Qu. The Countesse R^hmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will scarcely say, Amen:
Yet Darby, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.

Dar. I beseech you either not belecue
The enuious slaunders of her accusers,
Or if she be accused in true report,
Beare with her weakenesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?

Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Came from visiting his Maiestie.

Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?

Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace speaks chearfully.

Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. Madam we did: He desires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

and

of Richard the Third.

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.

I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester.*

Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.

Who are they that complaines vnto the King?

That I forsooth am sterne loue them not:

By wholly *Pau* they loue his grace but lightly

That fill his cares with such dissentious rumors:

Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,

Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,

I must be held a rankerous enemye.

Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,

But thus in simple truth must be abused

By silken lie insinuating lackes?

Ri. To home in this presence speakes your grace?

Glo. To thee that halt nor honestie nor grace.

When haue I iniured thee, when donesthee wrong,

Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?

A plague vpon you all. His royall person

(Whome God preferue better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

The King of his owne royall disposition,

And not prouokt by any suter else,

Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,

Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,

Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:

Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather

The grounds of your ill will, and to remoue it.

Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,

Since euery lacke became a Gentleman

There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother *Glo.*

You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,

God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.

Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

Out

The Tragedie

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enobles these,
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a noble.

Qu. By him that raised me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest advocate to plectre for him.
My Lord, you doe me shamefull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may denie that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

Riv. She may my Lord.

Glo. She may, L. Rivers, why who knows not so?
She may doe more first then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may shee not? she may, yee marrie may shee.

Riv. What marrie may shee?

Glo. What marrie may shee? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handsome sleeping tooke,
I wis your Grandam had a worse match.

Qu. My L. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blune vpbraidinge, and your bitter scoldinge,
By heauen I will requite his Maiestie
With those grosse words I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country seruant maide,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus rayped, scorned, and haired.
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Q. Mar. And leised be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I say,
I will auouch in presence of the King
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

of Richard the Third.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore sonne at Tewksburie.

Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends
To royalize his blood I spik mine owne.

Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster,
And Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons slaine?
Let me put in your mind, if you forget,
What you haue been ere now, and what you are:
Witchall, what I haue been, and what I am.

Qu. Mar. A murderous villaine, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)

Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge:

Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pitifull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.

Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdom is.

Ri. My Lord of Gloucester in those busie daies,
Which here you vige to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So should we now, if you should be our king.

Glo. If should be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.

Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countrie king:

As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,

Qu. Mar. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse.

The Tragedie

I can no longer hold me patient.
 Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
 In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
 Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
 If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects,
 Yet that by you depoid, you quake like rebels:
 O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
 That will I make before I leaue thee:
 A husband and a sonne thou hast vnkindly mard,
 And thou hast mard me, all of my allience:
 The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
 And all the pleasures you haue, it mine.

Glo. The curse me noble father lade on thee,
 When thou didst crowne his waile like Browes with paper,
 And with thy scorne drawst riners from his eyes,
 And then to drie them, gurst the Date a clout
 Steept in the blood of prettie Roland:
 His curses then from bitterness of soule,
 Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So iust is God to right the innocents.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to say that babe
 And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Qu. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,

Derf. No man but prophesied vengeance for it.

Bur. Northumberland then patient, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What were you fearing all before I came,
 Ready to catch me by the throat,

And turne you now, your hatred all on me?

Did Yorkees dreadfull curse peruaile so much with heaven,

That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,

Their kingdomes losse, my woefull banishment,

Could all but answer for that peuisish brate

Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?

Why then giue way dull clouds to my quick curses:

If not by warre, by surfeit die your King.

As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward

of Richard the Third.

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violences,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art staid in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queene,
Riuers and Dories, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lord Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Hast done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag,

Qu. M. And leane out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare
If heauen haue any greuous plague in store, (me,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou cluish marks, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy nationie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard.

Glo. Ha.

Qu. M. I call the not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercy: for I had thought

The Tragedie

Thou hadst ~~cald~~ ^{said} me all these bitter names.

Qu. Mar. Why so I did, but looke for no reply :

O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. Tis done by me and ends by Margaret. selfe,

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your

Qu. M. ~~Poor~~ ^{Poore} painted Queene, vaine flourish of my for-

Why strewst thou suger on that botled spider, (tunc:

Whose deadly web inſnareth thee about ?

Foole foole, thou ~~whett~~ ^{whett} a knife to kill thy selfe,

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,

To helpe thee curse that poisons bunchbacks toade.

Haff. False boading woman, end thy franck curse,

Lealt to thy harme thou mooue our patience.

Qu. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.

Ri. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.

Qu. Ma. To serue me well, you all should doe me dutie,

Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects :

O serue me well, and teach your schues that dutie.

Darf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.

Qu. M. Peace maister Marquell, you are malapert,

Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce currant :

O that your young nobilitie could indge,

What 't were to loose it and be miserable ?

They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall they dash themselves to peeccs.

Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marqua.

Darf. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,

Our aery buildeth in the Cedars top,

And dallies with the winde, and scoones the sunne.

Qu. Ma. And turnes the Sunne to shade, alas, alas,

Witnes my sunne, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright our shining beames, thy cloudie wrath,

Hath in eternall darkenisse fouled vpi.

Your aerie buildeth in our neeries nest.

O God that seest it, doe not suffer it :

As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Haue done for shame, if not for charitie.

Qu. M. Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me,

Vncha-

of Richard the Third.

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame shall liue my sorrowes rage:
Buck. Haue done.

Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.

Q. Ma. Ile not beleue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Q. Ma. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And loothd the diuell that I warne thee from? (tell,
O but remember this another day,
When he shall spie thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a Prophetesse:
Liue each of you, the subiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*

Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine, I wonder shee at libertie.

Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.

Hast. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to doe somebody good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid.

The Tragedie

He is frank vp to fating for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Rm. A vertuous and a Cristianlike confusion,
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs.

Glo. So do I euer being well aduised,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.

Cats. Madame, his maiestie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.

Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you goe with vs.

Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt Ala, Glo.*

Glo. I doe thee wrong, and first began to braule,
The secret mischief that I set abroad,
I lay vnto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed haue laid in darkenesse:

I doe beweepe to many simple guls:

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,

And say it is the Queene, and her allies

That stirre the K. against the Duke my brother.

Now they belecue me, and withall whet me

To be reuenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Gray.

But then fight, and with a piece of scripture,

Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill:

And thus I cloath my naked villanie

With old od ends, stolne out of holy writ,

And seeme a Saint, when most I play the Diuell.

But soft here comes my Executioners. *Enter Executioners*

How now, my hardy shouer resolved mates,

Are ye not going to despatch this deed?

Exc. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me.

When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:

But first, be suddaine in the execution:

Withall, obdurate: doe not heare him pleade,

For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps

May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.

Exc. Tush, feare not, my Lord we will not stand to prate,

Talkers are no good doers be assured:

We come to vse our hands and not our tongues,

Glo.

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of Richard the Third.

Gl. Your eyes drop milstones, when fooles eyes drop teares
Like you Lads, about your businessse.

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes you Grace so heavily to day?

Cl. Oh, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of gasty dreames,
Thar as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though I were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of dismall terrour was the time.

Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.

Cl. Me thought I was imbarke for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there we looked towards England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull ciuils,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster,
That had befallen vs: as we past along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloucester stumbled, and in stumbling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-boord:
Into the rumbling billowes of the maine.

Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyle of water in mine eares,
What vgly sights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I saw a thousand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens foules, and in hopefull holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, the towes crept
As twine in scorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the slumie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Bro. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?

Cl. Me thought I had: for still the enuious flood
Kept in my soule, and would not let it soorth,
To keepe the emptie, wast, and wandring ayre.

But

The Tragedie.

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to hatch it in the sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this fore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferruman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cries aloud, what scourge for perurie
Can this darke monarchie afford false Clarence?
And so he vanishes: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence!
That stabd me in the field by Tewkesburie:
Seaze on him furie, take him to your torment,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling, wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.

Brok. No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promise you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Clar. O Brokenburie, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For Edwards sake, and see how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauie, and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue you grace good rest;
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noone tide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward soyle;
And for vnfeeling imagination;
They often seele a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's

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of Richard the Third.

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murderers enter.

In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?

Exr. I would speake with Clarence, & I came hither on my

Bro. Yea, are ye so briske? (legs,

3. Exr. O sir, it is better be briske then tedious,

Shew him our Commission; talke no more. *He readeth it.*

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,

I will not reason what is meant thereby

Because I will be guilt lesse of the meaning:

Heere are the keyes, there lyes the Duke a sleepe,

Ile to his Maiestie and certifie his Grace,

That thus I have resign'd my place to you,

Exr. Do so, it is a poynt of wisdom.

1. What shall we stab him as he sleepest?

1. No, then he will say twas done cowardly

when he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why shoul he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day,

1. Why then he will say we stabd him sleeping:

2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred

A kind of remorse in me.

1. What art thou afraid?

2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd

For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.

1. Backe to the Duke of Gloster, tell him so.

2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell. *xx.*

1. How dost thou feele thy selfe now? (the

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within

1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of Glosters purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue vs pur reward,

Thy conscience flies out;

2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

D

3. He

The Tragedie

2. He not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing.
 It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
 But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it check him;
 He cannot lie with his neighbor, for a wife heur is detests
 Him, it is a blushing shamefull spirit that murdres
 In a mans bosome; it fills one full of obstacles,
 It made me once sell for a peece of gold that I found.
 It beggers any man that keeps it: it is turnd out of all
 Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every
 Man that meanes to live well, and knows to trust
 To himselfe, and to live with out it.
 1. Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, perswading me
 Not to kill the Duke.
 2. Take the devill in thy minde, and beleue him not,
 He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.
 1. Tut, I am strong in faith, he cannot perswade with me,
 I warrant thee.
 2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
 Come shall we to this gear? *Exeunt*
 1. Take him over the coast with the hilt of my sword,
 And then we will chop him in the Midway: but in the next
 2. Oh excellent device, make a loppe of him. *(roome)*
 1. Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?
 2. No, first lets reason with him.
Clas. analyses.
Clas. Where art thou Keeper, give me a cup of wine.
 1. You shall have wine enought, my Lord anon.
Clas. In Gods name, what art thou?
 2. A man, as you are.
Clas. But not as I am, royall.
 1. Nor you as we are, lowly.
Clas. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.
 2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.
Clas. How darkely and how deadly dooest thou speake?
 Tell me, who are you? wherefore comest thou hither?
Am. To, to, to.
Clas. To murder me?
Clas. You scarcely have the heart to tell me so,
 And therefore cannot have the heart to do it,
 Wherein my friends have I offended you?

of Richard the Third.

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cl. I shall be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?

Where are the euidence to accuse me?

What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vpon

Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,

Before I be conuict by course of law?

To threaten me with death is most vnlawfull:

I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,

By Christs deare blood shed for our greuous sinnes,

That you depart and lay no hands on me,

The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the King.

Cl. Erroneous vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,

That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then

Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?

Take heed, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,

To huite vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing and for murther too?

Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament

To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1. And like a traitor to the Name of God,
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade

Vnripest the bowels of thy Soueraignes sonne,

2. Whome thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cl. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,

For in this sin he is as deepe as I.

If God will be reuenged for this deepe,

Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

The Tragedie

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course.

To cut off those that haue offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant spring, braue *Blount*,

The Princely Nourice was strooke dead by thee.

Cl. My brothers I see, the Deuill, and my rage,

1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,

Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,

I am his brother, and I loue him well:

If you be hirde for need, goe backe againe.

And I will send you to my brother, Gloucester,

Who will reward you better for my life,

Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.

Cl. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,

Go you to him from me.

Am. I so we will,

Cl. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,

Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arms:

And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,

He little thought of this diuided friendship,

Bid Gloucester thinke on this, and he will weepe.

Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.

Cl. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.

1. Right, as snow in harvest, thou deceiust thy selfe,

Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.

Cl. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,

He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobe,

That he would labour my delinerie,

2. Why so he doth, now he deliuer thee

From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.

1. Make peace with God for you must die my Lord.

Cl. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,

To counsell me to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,

That thou wilt war with God for murdering me?

Am. Sirs consider, he that set you on

To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What

of Richard the Third,

2. What shall we doe?

Clk. Relent, and saue your soules.

2. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clk. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, and diuclish.

My friend, I spie some pittie in your lookes;

Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side and intreat for me:

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?

1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
He chop thee in the malmesey Bur in the next room.

2. A bloodie deede, and desperately performd;

How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,

Of this most grievous guiltie murder done.

1. Why dost thou not helpe me?

By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.

2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.

Exit.

1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,

Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:

And when I haue my need I must away.

For this will out, and here I must not stay.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Queens, Hastings, Rivers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,

You peeres continue this vnited league,

I euery day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:

And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,

Since I haue set my friend at peace on earth:

Rivers and Hastings, take each others hand,

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your loue.

R. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,

And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue,

Hast. So thrice I as I swear the like.

King. Take heede you dally not before your King,

Least he that is the supream King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

The Tragedie

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.

Rin. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.

Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this.
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe vnfainedly.

Qu. Here Hastings, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrine I and mine.

Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuolable.

Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.

Kin. Now princely Buckingham scale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all durious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend.
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.

Rin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,

Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.

Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day.
Brother we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

of Richard the Third.

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be an enemy.

I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreate peace of you,
Which I purchase with my durous seruice,
Of you my noble cousin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betwene vs.
Of you my Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without defect haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whome my soule is any iorrell at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech you Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Gl. Why Madame, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus scornde in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniurie to scorne his corpse.

Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?

Qu. All seeing heaven, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.

Kin. Is Clarence dead & the order was reuersed?

Gl. But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie crible bore the countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspicion.

Enter Darbie.

Dar.

The Tragedie

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done;
Kim. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorow.
Dar. I will not rise vntill your highnesse graunte.
Kim. Then speake at once, what it is thou demandest?
Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life;
 Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman
 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.
Kim. Haue I a tongue to doe my brothers death,
 And shall the same giue pardon to a slave;
 My brothen slew no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was cruel death.
 Whosued to me for him? who in my rage,
 Kneeld at my feet and bad me be aduise?
 Who spake of brother-hood? who of love?
 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
 The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
 Who told me in the field by Tewkesburie,
 When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
 And said, deare brother, liue and be a King?
 Who told me when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
 Even in his owne armes, and gaue himselfe
 All this and naked to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
 But when your carters or your wayting vassalles
 Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
 The precious Image of our deare Redemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I vniustly too, must graunt it you.
 But for my brother, not a man would speake,
 Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
 For him, poore soule. The proudest of you all
 Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
 Yet none of you would once pleade for his life.
 Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
 On me, and you, and mine, and your for this.
 Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

of Richard the Third.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawnesse: mark you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ditcher of York with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy. *(breast?)*

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beate your
Andrie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Girls. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dut. My prittie Cosens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him, now your fathers dead:
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you concludethat he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whome I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallaw innocents,
You cannot gesse who caufde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King pronoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childer.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapers,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame?
Yet from my dagr he drew north this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark, what noife is this?

E

Enter.

The Tragedie

Enter the Queens.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
He ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemye.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be brieue:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah, so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I
Then, being but motitie of my selfe,
To omergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you weep not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmeand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the warry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Amb.

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of Richard the Third.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo, *Clarence*.

Dnt. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dnt. What stay had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?

Dnt. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?

Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,

Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:

She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:

These babes for *Clarence* weepe, and so do I:

I for an *Edward* weepe, and so do they,

Alas, you three on me three-fold distrest.

Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowe nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Glaston, with*

Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *others.*

To waile the dimming of our shining starre:

But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.

Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,

I did not see your Grace, humbly on on my knee

I craue you blessing.

Dnt. God blesse thee, and put mekenesse in thy minde,

Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me die a good old man.

Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:

I maruell why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peeres,

That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,

Now cheare each other, in each others loue:

Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,

We are to reape the haruest of his soone:

The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,

But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,

Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.

Me seemeth good that with some little traine,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht

Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

The Tragedie

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that shraight shal post to Ludlow?
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie bulinesse.

Ans. With all our heart. *Exeunt ananet Glo. Buck.*

Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:

For by the way lie fort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,

To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,

Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,

My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:

Plike a child will goe by thy direction:

Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe:

1. Heare you the newes abroad?

2. I, that the King is dead.

1. Bad newes birlany, seldome comes the better,

I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troubk some world. *Enter another Cit.*

3. *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.

Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?

1. It doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world.

2. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.

3. Woe to that land thats gouerned by a childe.

2. In him there is a hope of gouernment,

That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,

And in his full and ripened yeares, him selfe,

No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So stood the state when Harry the sixt

Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.

3. Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,

For then this stand was famously enricht

With politicke graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.

2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.

3. Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all:

For

of Richard the Third.

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Which touch vs all too neare if God prevent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queenes kindred haustie and proude,
And were they to be rulse, and not rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well.

3. When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All men be well: but if God tort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.

1. Truly the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare.

3. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a deuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by prooffe we see,
The waters swell before a boyssous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?

2. We are sent for to the Iustice.

3. And shew as I will beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardmall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they say my soonne of Yorke
Hath ouertane him in his growth.

Tor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.

Dut. Why, my yong Cousin it is good to grow.

Tor. Gramam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Glo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make hast.

The Tragicall

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.

Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.

Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did.

Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so faw,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie iest.

Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?

Yor. Granam, his Nurse.

Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.

Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.

Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.

Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset.

What newes Lord Marques?

Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.

Qu. How fares the Prince?

Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.

Dut. What is the newes then?

Dor. Lord Riners, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.

Car. For what offence?

Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.

Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to let

Vpon

of Richard the Third.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse thanes:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre:
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.

Dst. Accur'd and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being feared, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselves the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselves, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franktice outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.

Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.

Dst. Ile goe along with you.

Qu. You haue no cause.

Car. My gracious Lady, go.

And thither bare your treasure and your goods,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betid to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie. *Exiunt.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of

Gloster, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (bet.

Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-

Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soetraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholic.

Prim. No Vnle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisom, and heauie:
I want more Vnles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diu'd into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vnles which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God

The Tragedie

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.

Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none.

Gl. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. M. God blesse your Grace, with health and happie daies.

Prin. I thanke you good my Lo. and thanke you all,

I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,

Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings that he comes not

To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Hastings.*

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord.

Prin. Welcome my Lord, what will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knows, not I:

The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke

Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince

Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and per-wild course

Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace

Perfwade the Queene to send the Duke of Yorke

Vnto his Princely brother presently?

If she denie, Lord Hastings go with them;

And from her ieaious armes plucke him perforce.

Car. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratorie

Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,

Anon expect him heere: but if she be obdurate

To milde entreaties, God forbid

We should infringe the holy priuledge

Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,

Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate my Lord,

Too ceremonious and traditionall.

Weigh it but with the greatnesse of this age,

You breake not Sanctuarie in seazing him:

The benefit thereof is alwaies granted

To those whose dealings haue deserved the place,

And those who haue the wit to claime the place,

This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it,

And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

of Richard the Third.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.

Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once:
Come on Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*

Pri. Good Lords make all the speede hast you may.
Say Vncle *Gloster*, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it thinkt best vnto your royall selfe:

If I may counsell you, some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you in the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Pri. I doe not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Julius Caesar* build that place my Lord?

Buck. He did my gracious Lord, to begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue rectified.

Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiue from age to age he built it?

Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.

Prin. But say my Lord it were not registered,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wile, so yong, they say do neuer liue long.

Pri. What say you Vncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, inquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
He tell you what my Cousen *Buckingham*.

Buck. What my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

The Tragedie

He winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short sommers lightly beare a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinal.

Bac. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prim. Richard of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?

Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Prim. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late he hide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousin noble Lo. of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you gentle vncl. O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre,

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousin, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you Vncl giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousin, with all my heart.

Prim. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind Vncl that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my cosen:

Yor. A greater gift? O thats the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.

Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.

Prim. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vncl your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncl, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders;

Buc. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons,
To mittigate the scorne he giue his vncke,
He pretely and apely taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Tor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord *Protector* will haue it so.

Tor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Tor. Mary my vncke *Clarence* angry ghost:
My Granam told me he was murdered there.

Prin. I feare no vnckes dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt Prin. Tor. Hast. Dorsetmanes. Bish. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litie prating Yorke,
Whas not incensed by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toa.

Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate to yall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

The Tragedie

Car. He will doe all in all as **Hastings** doth.
Ben. Well, then no more but this.
Go gentle **Cresby**, and bid it was a faine of
Sound Lord **Hastings** how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose. If he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons.
If he be leaden, let it cold, & unwilling.
Be thou so too: and let him off your talk,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold decided counsell,
Wherein thy life shall highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord **William**, tell him **Cresby**,
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood in **Winchester** Castle,
And bid my friends stay for joy of this good news.
Giue gentle **Mistress Shore**, one gentle kisse the more.
Buck. Good **Cresby** effect this business soundly.
Car. My good Lords both with all the needs I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you **Cresby** ere you sleepe?
Car. We shall my Lords.
Glo. At **Cresby** place, there shall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
William Lord **Hastings** will not yeelde to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of **Hastings**, and the inuincible,
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possessor.
Buck. He claime that promised by your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.
Come let vs up betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme.
Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.
Mess. What ho my Lords.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord **Shrewsbury**.
Hast. Whats a clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say.

of Richard the Third

First he commendeth him to your noble Lordship.

Hast. And then *Mef.* And then he finds you worthy. He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helmes. Besides he says, there are two counsels held, And that may be determined at the one, Which may make you and him to row at the other, Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure. If presently you will take horse with him, And with all speede post into the North, To shun the danger that his soule dithines.

Hast. Good fellow go, returne unto thy Lord. Bid him not feare the separated counsels. His Honour and my selfe are at the one, And at the other is my servant *Catesby*. Where nothing can protect that toucheth vs, Whereof I shall not have intelligence. Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance, And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond, To trust the mockeries of vnquiet slumbers, To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs, Were to incense the Boare to follow vs, And make pursue where he did meane no chase. Go, bid thy master rise and come to me, And we will both together to the Tower, Where he shall see the Boare will vse kindly.

Mef. My gracious Lord, he will hear what you say.

Enter Catesby to L. Hastings

Car. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring. What neuer, what neuer, in this our troubling state.

Car. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord, And I beleue will neuer stand vpright Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. Who? weare the Garland? dost thou meane the

Car. My good Lord.

Hast. He haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulder. Ere I will see the Crowne so fouled with filth. But canst thou guess what he doth meane?

Car. Vpon my life my Lord, and hope to finde you forward.

The Tragedie

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must die at *Ponfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Because they haue bene still mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my maisters heires in true descent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

Car. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maisters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:

I tell the *Catesby*. *Car.* What my Lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it.

Car. Tis a vile thing to die my gracions Lord
When men are vnprepared, and looke not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and so twill doo
With some men else, who thinke themselves as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

Car. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you lovnprovidet?

Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like these seuerall counsels I.

Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so tryumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords of *Ponfret* when they rode from London
Were iocund, and supposed their states was sure,

And

of Richard the Third.

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day overtaketh,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward;
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?

Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of are beheaded.

Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them weare their hats?
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Car.*

Hast. Go you before, Ile follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Pursuant.

Hast. Well met *Hastings*, how goes the world with thee?

Par. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask.

Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was,

Par. God hold it to your Honours good content.

Hast. Gramercy *Hastings*, hold spend thou that.

He gives him his purse.

Par. God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Par. Enter a Priest.*

Hast. What sir lohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

Enter Buckingham. (in his care.)

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pawfret* they do need the Priest. *(priest?)*
Your Honour hath no shruing worke in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:
Wha go you to the Tower my Lord?

Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buc. And supper too, although thou knowst if not:

Come

The Tragedie.

Come, shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Rastiffe, with the Lord Rivers,

Gray, and Margherite, prisoners.

Ras. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Rastiffe, let me tell thee this:

To day shalt thou behold a subject die,

For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riv. O *Peasfleece*, *Peasfleece*. O thou bloody prison,

Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:

Within the guilty closure of thy walles

Richard the second here was hackt to death:

And for more slander to thy dismall soule,

We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke!

Gray. Now *Margarets* curse if false vpon our heads,

For standing by, when *Richard* slaid her sonne.

Riv. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,

Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,

To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,

And for my sister and her princely sonne:

Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,

Which as thou knowest vniuently must be spilt.

Ras. Come, come, dispatch: the time of your liues is out.

Riv. Come *Gray*, come *Margherite*, let vs all embrace

And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hes. My Lords as once the cause why we are met,

Is to determine of the Coronation.

In Gods name say, when is this rayall day?

Bis. Are all things sitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bis. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

Bis. Who knowes the Lord *Princes* minde herein?

Who is most inward with the noble *Duke*? *(his mind.)*

Bis. Why you my L: me thinks you should soonest know.

Bis. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:

But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine.

Then I of yours: not I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord

25

of Richard the Third.

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:

But for his purpose in the Coronation

I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered

His graces pleasure any way therein:

But you my L. may name the time,

And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,

Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bish. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe,

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and counsaill all good morrow,

I haue bene long a sleepe, but now I hope

My absence doth neglect no great designs,

Which by my presence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kiew my Lord,

William L. Hastings had now pronounced you parts:

I meane your voyce for crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Hastings*, no man might be bolder,

His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elic.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;

I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*, a word with you:

Casby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,

And findes the testy gentleman so hore,

As he will loose his head ere giue consent,

His maisters sonne as wotshipfull he termes it,

Shall loose the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.

To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:

For I my selfe am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elic.

(berries.

Bish. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue sent for these straw-

G

Hast.

The Tragedie

Hast. His grace lookes cheerefully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewne it in his face.

Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserve
That do conspire my death with diuellish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoever they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.

Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord,

Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet,
Tellst thou me of this? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I sweare,
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me.

Hast. Wo, wo, for *England* not a whit for me: *Ca.* *Hast.*
For I too fond might haue persecuted this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I did dauid it, and did scorne to file,
Three times to day my footecloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

of Richard the Third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursuant,
As were triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margares, Margaret: now thy hemite curse
Is lightened on poore *Hastings*, wretched head.
Car. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary flasse of worldly man,
Which we more hope for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Lives like a drunken Saylor on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into fatall bottomes of the deep:
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me, this shortly shall be dead.

Enter Duke of Glouster and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake & change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert dell faught and mad with terror.

Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeite the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pricke on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gallie lookes
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

Glo. Here comes the Maior.

Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maier

Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.

Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.

Glo. *Catesby* ouerlooks the walles.

Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.

Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.

Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

The Tragedie

Enter Gatsby with Hastings head.

Ca. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmlesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:

I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:

I mean his conuersion with *Shir* wife,
He laid from all attainer of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerit sheltered traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleue, were not by great preservation

We liue to tell it you? The subtil traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of *Gloucester*.

Mary. What, had he for?

Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case;
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?

Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer looke for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse *Shir*.

Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Some what against our meaning haue prevented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.

Vnto

of Richard the Third.

Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and waile his death.

Ma. My good *L.* your graces word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your curious Cittizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we with your Lordship here;
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

Buc. But sence you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.

Glo. After, after, Cousen *Buckingham*, *Exit Maier.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meekest advantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edward* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And bestiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll listd to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vsurage *Edward*, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had wares in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my Lord, me brother liues.

Buc. Feare not, my Lord, Ile play the Oaror,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynards Cattle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

The Tragedie

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.

Buc. About three, or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farwell.

Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order { *Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.
This is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these five houres liued Lord *Hastings*:
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuiſe?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?

Buc. Now by the haly mother of our Lord,
The Citizenies are mumme, and speake not a word.

Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* Children?

Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Discipline in warre, wisdom in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad

of Richard the Third.

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue *Richard*, England's royall King.

Glo. A. and did they so?

Buc. No so God helpe me,

But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde eace on other and lookt deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them:

And askt the Mayor what meanes this wilfull silence?

His answere was, the people were not wont

To bespoke too, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrged to tell my tale againe:

Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:

But nothing speake in warrant from himselfe:

When he had done, some followers of mine owne

At the lower end of the hall, hursk'd vp their caps,

And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King *Richard*:

Thanks louing Citizens and friends quoth I,

This generall applause and louing shoute,

Argues your wisedome and your loues to *Richard*:

And so brake off and came away.

Glo. What tonguelesse blocks were they, would they not

Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speake?)

Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his bretheren come?

Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend some feare,

Be not spoken withall, but with mightie sure:

And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,

And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:

Be not easie wonne to our request:

Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.

Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.

Buc. You shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. Ex.

Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. Enter *Catesby*.

Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes he?

Cat. My Lord he doth entreate your Grace

To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He

The Tragedie

He is within with two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mow'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe delignes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.

Car. Ile him what you say my Lord.

Exit.

Buc. Ah my Lord, this prince is not an *Edward*.
He is not lulling on a lea'd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines;
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to quicken his watchfull soule.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himselfe the iouerligantie thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

Mai. Marry God forbid his grace should say vany.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What sayes your Lord?

Car. My Lord he wonders to what end you haue asseembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before.
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

Buc. Sory I am my noble counten should

Suspect me that I meane no good to him.

By heauen I come in perfect love to him.

And so once more returns and tell his grace:

Exit. Car.

When holy and deuout religious men,

Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence.

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich. and two Bishops alse.

Mai. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:

To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous

of Richard the Third.

Famous *Plantagenet*; most gracious prince,
Lend fauourable cares to my request:

And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graes pleasure?

Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboute,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.

Glo. I do suspect, I haue done some offence,
That seeme dilgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You haue my Lord: would it please your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?

Buc. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supream Seate, the Throne maiestically,
The Sceptred office of your Ancestors,
The lineall glory of your royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht stocke:
Whilest in the mildenesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countreys good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in this swallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily sollicite
Your Gracious selfe to take on you the soueraigntie therof,
Not as Protector, Swteard, Substitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as successiuelly from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Cittizens,
Your worshipfull and very louing friends,
And by their yehement instigation,
In this iust sute come I to moue your Grace.

Glo. I know not whither to depart in silence,

The Tragedie

Or biterly to speake in your reproofe,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
 Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
 Vnmeritable shunnes your high request,
 First if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
 As my right reueneu and due by birth,
 Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
 So mightie and so many my defects,
 As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
 Being a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
 Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
 But God be thanked theres no need for me,
 And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
 The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
 Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
 Will well become the feast of maiestie;
 And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
 On him I lay, what you would lay on me:
 The right and fortune of his happie starres,
 Which God defend that I should wing from him.

Enc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice and triuall,
 All circumstances well considered:
 You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne;
 So say we too, but not by *Edward* wife:
 For first he was contracted to *Lady Leizy*,
 Your mother liues, a witnessse to that vow,
 And afterwards by substitute betrothed
 To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*,
 These both put by a poore penitioner,
 A care-crazd mother of many children,
 A beauty-waining and distressed widdowe,
 Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
 Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
 Seduce the pitch and height of all his thought,
 To base declension and loathed bigamie,
 By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

of Richard the Third.

This *Edward*, whome our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliuē
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of a busling time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

Mar. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.

Car. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull sute.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeld to you.

Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the childe your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our sute or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downefall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zopnds, he intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Car. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their sute.

Ans. Do, good my Lord, least all the land doe rew it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule,
Cosen of *Buckingham*, and you sage grauemen,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the load,

The Tragedie

But if blacke scandall or so foule face's reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly Title:
Long live King *Richard*, Englands royall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taſke againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queens mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques

Dorſet at one doore, Dutcheſſe of Gloceſter

at another doore.

Dut. Who meetes vs heere, my Neece *Plantagenet*?

Qu. Siſter well met, whicher away ſo faſt?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To grarulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, wee'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leave,

How feares the Prince?

Lien. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leave,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraighly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?

Lien. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.

Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then

of Richard the Third.

Then feare not thou. He beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.

Lien. I doe beseech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of *York*, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you must goe with me to Westminster,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall Queene.

Qu. O cut my lace in funder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I found
With this dead liking newes.

Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerstrip death, goe crosse the seas,
And lue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.

Stan. Full of wisecare is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to me sonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise delay.

Dor. Yor. O ill disappearing winde of miserie,
O my accursed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come Madam, I in all haste was sent for.

Dutch. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of golden mettall that must round my browe,
Were red hotte Steele to seare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me be with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

The Tragedie

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
 To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.
Dnt. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
 Came to me I followed *Henries* course,
 When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
 Which issued from my other angell husband,
 And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
 O, when I say, I lookt on *Richards* face,
 This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
 For making me so yong, so old a widow,
 And when thou weddest, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
 And be thy wife if any be so badde
 As miserable by the death of thee,
 As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
 Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
 Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
 Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
 And prou'd the subjects of my owne soules curse,
 Which euer since hath kept mine eyes from sleepe,
 For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
 Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
 But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
 Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
 And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dnt. Glo. No more then from my soule I mourne for yours

Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.

Dnt. Glo. Aduce poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Dnt. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
 Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
 Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
 I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
 Eightie old yeares of sorrow haue I scene,
 And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Cateby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of *Buckingham*,
 Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth his throne.*

Thus

of Richard the Third.

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is King *Richard* seated:
But shall wee weare these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they last.

King. Ri. O *Buckingham*, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:

Yong Edward liues: thinke now what I would say.

Buc. Say on my gracious soueraigne.

King. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowned Liege,

King. Ha: am I King? tis so, but *Edward* liues.

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence,

That *Edward* still should liue true noble Prince.

Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plaine? I wish the bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly performde.

What saiest thou? speake suddenly, be briefe.

Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure,

King. Tut, tut, thou art allyce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue I thy consent that they shall die?

Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my Lord,
Before I positiuely speake herein:

I will resolute your grace immediatly.

Car. The King is angry, see, he bites the lip.

King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,

And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me

That looke into me with considerate eyes:

Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumspect.

Boy. Lord.

King. Knowst thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

King.

The Tragedie.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where
he abides.

King. Caterby.

Car. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And

of Richard the Third.

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them,

King. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrell*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine care. *He whispers in*

Tis no more but so, say, is it done *his care.*

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. *Stanly*, he is your wiues sonne: Well looke too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of *Hereford* and the moucables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,

A King perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome,

King. *Richmond*, when last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it Ruge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whars a clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promised me.

King. Well, but whars a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

The Tragedie

King. Well, let it strike.

Buc. Why let it strike?

King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke.
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.

Buc. Why then resolute me whether you will or no?

K. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine; *Exit.*

Buc. Is it euen so? rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and begone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Terrill.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch-act of pittious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Farriss* whom I did subborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were flesh villaines, bloody dogs,
Meling with tenderesse and compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Farriss* girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
When in their sommer beantie kist each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth *Farriss* almost chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine stoppt,
Whilst *Dighton* thus told on we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tydings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he come. All haile my soueraigne Liege.

King. Kind *Terrill*, and I happie in thy newes?

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beger your happinesse, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

of Richard the Third.

King. But didst thou see them dead?

Tir. I did my Lord.

King. And buried gentle *Tirril*?

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.

King. Come to me *Tirril* loone at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirril.*
Farewell till ſoone.

The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittain *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I got a iolly thriving wooer. *Enter Caſſy.*

Caſ. My Lord.

King. Good newes or bad, that thou comest in ſo bluntly?

Caſ. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.

King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac't beggery,
Then ſerie expedition be my wings,
Jone, *Mercurie*, and *Herald* for a King.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be brieſe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Qu. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence

The Tragedie

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.

Enter the Queens, and the Dutcheffs of Turke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
It yet your gentle soules lie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God die from such gentle lambes;
And throw them in the intrailles of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet Son.

Dutche. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall living Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly feast,
Then would I hide my bones, nor rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-weazied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mines:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

of Richard the Third.

A hell-hound that doth hune vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and sap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loole to chafe vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnall curre
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others stone.

Duc. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witneile with me, I haue wept for thee.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I close me with beholding in:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite my *Edward*,
Yong *Torke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this Tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smothered in their daskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his pittieous, and vupittied end,
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botreld spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

Qu. Mar. I cald the then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poure shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

The Tragedie,

A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
 To be the aime of every dangerous shot,
 A Queene in ileast, onely to fill the sceane:
 Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
 Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
 Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
 Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
 For happy wife, a most distressed widdow:
 For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
 For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
 For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me.
 Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time,
 Having no more, but thought of what thou art,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
 From which, euen heere, I slip my wearied necke,
 And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
 Farewell *Turks* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
 These English woes, will make me smile in *France*.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
 Compare dead happinesse with living woe,
 Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
 And he that slew them fowler then he is:
 Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
 Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,

Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dnt. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit Ma.*

Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woes,
 Aerie succeders of intestate ioyes,

Poore

of Richard the Third.

Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not at all, yet doe they ease the hart.

Dut. If so, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smoothe
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered:
I heare his drum, becapious in exclames.

*Enter King Richard marching with Drummes
and Trumpets.*

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slauie, where are my children?

Dut. Thou rode, thou rode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these rel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother for I am in halt.

Dut. Art thou so-haltie, I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my hell:

The Tragedie

A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
 Techie and wayward was thy infancie,
 Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious,
 Thy age confirme, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
 What comfortable houre canst thou name,
 That euer grac't me in thy companie?

King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
 To breakfast once forth of my companie:
 If it be so gracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dns. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dns. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,

Ere from this waste thou rume a conqueror,

Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,

And neuer looks vpon thy face againe:

Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which in the day of battell curse thee more

Then all the compleat armour that thou wearest,

My prayers on the aduersie partie fight,

And there the little soules of *Edward*'s children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them successe and victory,

Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,

Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
 Abides in me, I say *Amen* to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,

For thee to murder, for my daughters, *Richard*

They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,

And therefore leaue not to hit their liues,

King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,

Virtuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,

And let corrupt her manners, staine her beaucie,

Slander my selfe, as false to *Edward*'s bed,

Throw ouer her the vails of infamie,

So she may liue vnscarde from bleeding slaughter,

of Richard the Third.

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is onely safest in her birth.

Qu. And onely in that safety died her brothers.

King. Loe at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,

My babes were destinde to a fairer death,

If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Ki. Madam, so thrise I in my dangerous attempt of hostile

As Intend more good to you and yours, (armes,

Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.

Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,

To be discouered that can doe me good.

King. The advancement of your children mightie Lady.

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loote their heads,

King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,

The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,

Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine.

King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,

Will I withall endow a child of thine,

So in the Lethe of chy angry soule,

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs

Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be brieve, least that the proceesse of thy kindnesse

Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

Ki. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

King. What doe you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,

So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,

And from my heart loue, I doe thanke thee for it,

Ki. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.

I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,

And meane to make her Queene of England.

K

Qu.

The Tragedie

Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her King?

King. Even he that makes her Queene, who should else?

Qu. What thou?

King. I, even I, what thinke you of it Madam?

Qu. How canst thou wooe her?

King. That I would learne of you.

As one that were best acquainted with her humor.

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

King. Madam with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingrave,

Edward and *York*, then happily she will weepe,

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in *Roslands* blood,

And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,

If this inducement force her not to love.

Send her a story of thy noble Aunt

Tell her thou madst away her vnckle *Clarence*,

Her Vnckle *Rivers*, yea, and for her sake

Madest quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.

Qu. There is no other way,

Vnlesse thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

King. Interrefaire *Englands* peace by his alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with thill lasting warre.

King. Say that the King which may command in rears.

Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.

King. Say she shall be a high and mightie Queene.

Qu. To waile the vnk as her mother doth.

King. Say I will loue her euerslastingly.

Qu. But how long shall that title euerslast?

King. Sweetly in force vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely shall she liue last?

King. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

King. Say I her soueraigne am her subiect loue.

Qu. But she your subiect loaths such soueraingtie.

King

of Richard the Third.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honest is too harsh a stile.

King. Madam, your reasons are too shallow, & too quick.

Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead.

Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake.

King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurped.

King. I sweare by nothing.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy honor:
The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt, disgrac't his Kingly dignitie,
If something thou wilt sweare to be beleuede;
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrong'd

King. Now, by the world.

Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

King. My fathers death.

Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonor'd.

King. Then by my selfe.

Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misuseth.

King. Why, then by God.

Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:

If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.

King. By the time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wrong'd in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by thee past wrong'd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,

The Tragedie

Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.

King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposit, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinell and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad defolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (-I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my loue to her,
Pleade what I will be, nor what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?

King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?

King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.

Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.

Ki. But in your daughters wombe lie burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selves of themselves, to your recomfiture.

Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?

King. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.

King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell.

Exit Qu.

Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman.

Enter Rat.

Rat. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

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of Richard the Third.

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them a shore.

King. Some light-foot friend, post to the D. of *Norfolke*.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?

Cat. Heere my Lord.

King. Flie to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villanie
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?

Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.

King. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at *Salisbury*.

Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?

King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?

Rat. Your Highnes told me I should post before.

King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?

Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.

King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
While liuered runnagate, what doth he there?

Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse.

King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.

Dar. Stur'd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Esly*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.

King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossess?
What heire of *Turke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Turkes* heire?

The Tragedie.

Then tell me what doth he vpon the feat

Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege, I cannot guesse.

King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.

Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.

Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.

Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie soueraign,
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?

King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.

Dar. Most mightie soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.

King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.

Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Grations soueraigne, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guisfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and still their power encreaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.
He striketh him.

King.

of Richard the Third.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.

Mef. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of *Buckingham* armie is disperst and scattered,
And he himselte fled no man knowes whither.

King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?

Mef. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittainie Nauie is disperst, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittainie.

King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
I'nto to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.

King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall barrell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Cristopher*, tell *Richmond* this from m.:
That in the stie of this most bloudie Bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

The Tragedie

But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?

Christ. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wides*.

Dor. What men of name resort to him?

S. Christ. Sir *Water Herbert*, a renowned souldier,

Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,

Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,

Riccard Thomas, with a valiant crew.

With many moe of noble fame and worth,

And towards *London* they doe bend their course,

If by the way they be not fought withall.

Dor. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him.

Tell him, the *Queene* hath hartily consented

He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,

These Letters will resolue him of my mind,

Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?

Ric. No my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Rivers*, *Gray*,

Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.

Faughan, and all that haue miscarried,

By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,

If that your moodie discontented soules,

Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,

Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:

This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?

Ric. It is my Lord.

Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:

This is the day, that in King *Edwards* time

I wisht might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children, or his wiues allies:

This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,

By the false faith of him I trusted most:

This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,

Is the determined respite of my wronges:

That high all-seer that I dallied with,

Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,

And giuen in earnest what I begd in ieast.

Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

of Richard the Third.

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now *Margaret* curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she; shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoke of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloodie, and vsurping Boare,
That spoild your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swills your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
In your imbowed bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle;
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name heare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.

1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.

2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. *Norfolke*, come hither:

Norfolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Vp with my tent there, heere will I lye to night,

L

But

The Tragedie

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vsuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembroke* keepe his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanly* quarterd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.

Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come, let vs consult vpon to morrows businesse,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

of Richard the Third.

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke & paper,
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.

Nor. I go my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. *Catesbie*.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*,

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy *L. Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey* and himselte,
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the souldiers.

King. So I am satisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of spirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my Guard watch, leaue mee,
Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I say. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in is tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie sit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney bleise thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for *Richmonds* good,

The Tragedie

So much for that : the silent houres steale on,
 And flakie darknesse breakes within the East;
 In brieft, for so the season bids vs be:
 Prepare thy battell earely in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloudie strokes and mortall staring warre,
 I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
 With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
 And aide thee in this doubtfull shooke of armes:
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
 Be executed in his Fathers sight.
 Farewell, the leasure and the tearefull time,
 Cuts off the ceremonious voves of loue,
 And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sundered friends should dwell vpon,
 God giue vs leasure for these rights of loue,
 Once more adieu, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
 Ile strue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
 Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory:
 Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
 O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
 Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
 Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
 That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
 The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
 Make vs thy Ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victorie,
 To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
 Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
 Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of prince Ed. Son to Henry the first.
Ghost to K. Ric. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
 Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
 At *Toukesbury* : dispaire therfore and die.
To Rich. Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

of Richard the Third.

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me : dispaire and die,
Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fullsome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of *LANCASTER*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow,
Rivers that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire and die.

Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.

All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Ri*, boosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daies.
Thinke on Lord *Hastings*, dispaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake.

Enter the Ghosts of two young Princes.

Ghost to K. R. Dreame on thy cousins smothered in the
Let vs be laid within thy bosome *Richard*, Tower
And weigh the downe to ruine, shame and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To Ri. Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.

The Tragedie

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy lonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queen Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.

To *Rich*. Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.

To *Rich*. I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie lesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:

of Richard the Third.

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
 For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe :
 I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
 Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
 My conscience hath a thousand severall tongues,
 And euey tongue brings in a severall tale.
 And euey tale condemnes me for a villaine :
 Periurie, in the highest degree,
 Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
 All severall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
 Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
 I shall despaire, there is no creature lones me,
 And if I die, no soule shall pittie me :
 And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
 Find in my selfe, no pittie to my selfe.
 Me thought the soules of all that I murdered
 Came all to my tent, and euey one did threat
 To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Zounds, who is there?

Rat. *Ratcliffe*, my Lord, tis I: the carely village cocke,
 Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
 Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
 What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?

Rat. No doubt my Lord.

King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.

King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
 Haue strooke more terror to the soue of *Richard*,
 Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
 Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
 Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewe-dropper,
 To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich.

The Tragedie.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boiling dreames,
That euer entred in a dromie head,

Haue I since your departure had my Lords.

Me thought their soules, whose bodies *Richard* murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:

I promise you my soule is very iocund,

In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,

How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*

The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*

Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,

The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,

Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,

Richard except, those whom we fight against,

Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:

For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,

A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.

One raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:

One that made meanes to come by what he hath,

And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:

A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle

Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,

One that hath euer beene Gods enemy.

Then if you fight against Gods enemy,

God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:

If you sweare to put a Tyrant downe,

You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,

If you doe fight against your countries foes,

Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.

If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,

Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:

If you doe free your children from the sword,

Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then

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of Richard the Third.

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards draw your willing swords
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face:
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George, Richmond*, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?

Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in armes.

King. He said the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there *The clocke striketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie *Rat.*

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Earle of Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow

The Tragedie

In the maine battell whose puillance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſes
This, and Saint George to boore, what thinkeſt thou not.

Nar. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſerue*
This found I on my tent this morning, *him a paper.*

lockey of Norfolk, be not to bold,

For Dickon thy maſter is bought and ſold.

King. A thing deuſed by the enemye,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that cowards vſe,
Deuiſde as firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſcience, ſwords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration*
to his armie.

What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferd,
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of vagabonds, Rascals and runwales,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whom their oreloyed cuntry vomits forth
To deſperate adventures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a pakey fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers coſt,
A milkeope, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhoes in ſnow:
Let vs whip theſe ſtaglers ore the ſea againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpte,
And on record left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lie with our wiues,
Rauish our daughters, hark I heare their drum,

Right

of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves,
What saies Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?

Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.

Nor. My Lord, the enemy is past the marsh,
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* die.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Advance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire *Saint George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpe.

Alarm, excursions, Enter Catesbie.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew, rescew.
The King enacts more wondera then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Enter Richard.

King. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, he helpe you to a horse.

King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fieue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.

*Alarm, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine,
then retreat being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the
Crosse, with other Lords.*

Rich. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heaven say Amen to all.

The Tragedie of Richard the Third.

But tell me, is young *George Stanley* lining?

Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Leffer Towne*,
Whither if it please you, we may now withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

*John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris, sir Robert
Brokenbury, and sir William Brandon.*

Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will write the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their enmitie,
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not *Ament*?
England hath long beene mad, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne son,
The sonne compeld, beene butcher to the fire,
All this diuided *Yrke* and *Leicester*,
Diuided in their dire diuision.

O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace,
With smiling plentie, and faire prosperous daies.
Abate the edge of Traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudie daies againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to tast this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopp'd, peace liues againe,
That shemay long liue heare, God say *Amen*.

FINIS.

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